

five by eleven by the_cursed_girl_xoxo

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016), The Umbrella Academy (TV)

Genre: Aftermath of Violence, Alternate Universe - Stranger Things Fusion, And after TUA season 1, BAMF Eleven | Jane Hopper, BAMF Number Five | The Boy, Canon-Typical Violence, Consensual Underage Sex, Crossover, Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Eventual Sex, F/M, Five teleports himself to Hawkins 1985, Good Parent Jim "Chief" Hopper, Good Parent Joyce Byers, Minor Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Past Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Past Rape/Non-con, Slow Burn, Strangers to Lovers, Superpowers, Takes place after ST season 2, Telekinesis, Teleportation, Time Shenanigans, Why isn't that a common tag?, bro this whole thing is literally so fricking random, fluff and action, it's canon-typical for both shows, no beta we die like men

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Summary:

Five points his gun squarely between the girl's eyes. She doesn't flinch. She just stands there with her nose trickling crimson blood from some unknown reason.

"Who are you?" He demands, not letting his guard down for a moment.

"My name is Ele-- Jane. Who are you?"

"My name's Five."

Her expression changes. She looks at him with surprise and... Is that concern?

"Brother." She whispers.

There's two Netflix characters named after numbers so you know someone was gonna do this eventually.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

this is a dumb idea turned into a full fanfic. go easy on me.□□□

Blue light is all he can see. Pain is all he can feel. It's like his atoms are being crushed to fit into a teeny-tiny space, his form is being twisted and folded and crumpled like a piece of paper as he shoots forwards faster than any speed ever documented.

Five shouldn't have done this. He made a dumb mistake, and now he doesn't even know if he'll survive to learn from his mistake. It was the only way to save his siblings and himself from the doom that he'd been fighting against for countless years, but looks like he might meet his doom either way.

But after what feels like forever, he's spat out of the vortex. He lands on grass with a thump. The vortex closes behind him, it's light fading away until it disappears like it was never there.

"Ah, fuck." Five mutters as he pushes himself onto his knees.

Fortunately there was nobody around to see the blue light in the sky. But there was the sound of running footsteps and laughter, telling him people are on their way.

Five realized he was beside an arcade and the kids were running inside. They were so excited they didn't notice the boy in a school uniform kneeling on the grass.

He observed their clothing, hairstyles and cars.

Looks like he landed sometime in the 1980s.

"Well, this is fucking great." He said. "Me and my siblings weren't even born in this year."

He stood up but fell back down. His ankle was twisted. Did that happen *before* he time-travelled or *while* he was in the vortex??

Ugh, it doesn't matter. He's got a sprained ankle, a splotch of blood on his hip from his stupid sharpnel cut, and his siblings could be *anywhere* in history.

As if his week hasn't been stressful enough.

He leant on the building's wall and stood up. He limped his way into the forest because, well..... He has no clue what he's supposed to do and he needs to think.

Five sat on a rock and examined his injuries. Not too serious, but could get worse if he left it untreated. What was he going to do? The world was no longer in danger, but him and his family sure were. He didn't trust himself to time travel again, so how was he going to get them?

A figure moved behind the trees. Five got on-guard immediately, even if he couldn't stand up. It was a policeman who seemed to be patrolling the forest. He frowned when he saw Five. It must be weird to see a kid sitting here after sunset.

"Hey there. What are you doing out here?" The man asked.

"Uh, I'm just taking a walk." Five said. Not a good excuse, but he couldn't think of anything else.

"Where are your parents?"

"They're, uh, out of town."

"They're not in Hawkins?"

Hawkins. So *that's* the name of this town.

"No. I'm thirteen, they can leave me home alone for a few days. I don't really--"

"Hey, you're bleeding." The man pointed at Five's blazer. He didn't even realize the blood had started seeping into his clothes.

"Oh! That's just an injury from before. It's fine."

He'd better get out of here before he got in a bigger mess. He stood up to leave, but he forgot about his twisted ankle. The boy gasped in pain and almost faceplanted into the dirt, but the policeman caught him.

"Whoa, you're in *really* shitty shape, aren't you? Did you get in a fight or something?"

"Ha, a fight. Yeah but not the sort of fight you think." Five joked gloomily.

Something about this kid didn't add up. But that won't stop him from helping the kid out.

"I don't know where you came from or what you've been doing, but I think you should come to the station with me. We'll fix you up."

"No no no! I don't need to go to the police station! I'm *fine*!" Five said.

The man sighed. "Okay, if you're scared of getting in trouble, I won't take you to the station. But at least come to my cabin. I can't leave you here like this."

The boy weighed his options. He didn't want to spend the night in a dark forest, and he didn't have any medical supplies to care for himself. Besides, the officer would probably call in back-up if Five didn't cooperate.

"Okay, I'll stay in your cabin for a bit."

"Good. My name's Hopper, by the way. What's yours?" He said as he helped Five limp down the forest path.

"Five."

"Jesus, how many people name their kids after numbers?"

Before Five could ask what that meant, they arrived at the cabin. It was nice and large, not a tiny cottage-in-the-woods thing. Hopper made him sit on the couch while he went to the other room for something.

The door opened and he was shocked to see nobody even in the doorway. They didn't have technology to make doors open by themselves in this decade.

Without thinking, he hobbled to the table where Hopper had discarded his pistol. He picked it up, pointing it at the door as a brunette girl walked in. She didn't flinch at the sight of a gun. Her nose was trickling blood.

"Who are you?" He demanded, not letting his guard down for a moment.

"My name is Ele--Jane. Who are you?"

"My name's Five."

Her expression changed to surprise and... Is that concern?

"Brother." She whispered.

Notes for the Chapter:

idk how many more chapters I'll do. probably not too many.

I'd love to read your comments. or take any requests or suggestions you guys might have!

also, my writing might not be the greatest or most sophisticated, but please respect the fact i'm so f*cking NEW to writing (and i'm really young) ☐

2. Chapter 2

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I am not your brother." Five said.

The girl (Jane, i guess) stepped forwards. He noticed she was a bit shorter than him, and he isn't tall by *anymeasures*. In fact, she seems weak and malnourished as well.

She tried to pull up his sleeve but he flinched away and pointed his gun again. "What are you doing??"

"Your tattoo." She said.

"My tattoo?" He rolled up his sleeve to show her the umbrella tattoo. She frowned.

"You don't have your number?"

Before he could ask any more questions, Hopper appeared behind him. "Looks like you've met my daughter."

"She opened the door without touching it!" Five told him.

"Yeah, she does that most days."

"*What??*"

Hopper sighed. "13-year-olds shouldn't be pointing guns. Can I have that back?"

"No." Five said. "Is this a trap? Are you just pretending to be a police officer and you brought me here to--"

"Jane, help me out."

The gun floated out of Five's hand, put on its safety holder, and landed in Hopper's hand. Both Jane and Hopper acted like it's normal.

Okay, I have to get the fuck out of here.

Five headed for the door as fast as his sprained ankle allowed. Hopper called for him to come back, but he ignored him and went outside to the dark forest.

As he rushed down the porch stairs, he fell into the gravel. He scraped his palms. Mumbling curses, he pushed himself up and tried to keep running.

Then, for some reason, his legs froze up. He was stuck standing in place. *Did I get paralyzed?* He wondered.

"Good job. Keep him still." He heard Hopper say as he approached the boy.

Five turned his head to see Jane staring at him in concentration. She's holding him in place. It sounds impossible, but what else could it be?

Hopper lifted Five up and carried me inside. He's nearly as tall and large as Luther is, so this is easy for him. Not so much for the boy.

It's so humiliating. He's still 58 years old!

He put the kid on the couch and Jane locked the door. Then she unparalyzed his legs. His ankle was throbbing from the running, so he couldn't go anywhere.

"Listen, kid. My daughter has special abilities, but she would never hurt anyone with them. Unless they were trying to hurt her. I know this is a huge shock for you, but you have to stay here."

Hopper left the living room and Jane stood there staring at Five. He glared at her and she looked away.

"It's kinda rude to paralyze someone like that." He said.

"You were gonna hurt yourself out there." She said before going to her room.

A car arrived and a brunette lady got out. She unlocked the door with keys of her own, so she's probably Hopper's friend. When she saw

Five, she covered her mouth with both hands.

"Oh, you poor thing! You're bleeding!"

"Uh, might I ask who you are?"

"My name is Joyce Beyers. Hopper called me cuz he needed help. What on earth happened to you?"

Joyce knelt on the floor before him. She lifted his shirt to see his shrapnel cut. Still oozing blood.

Hopper entered the room with a box of medical supplies. He put antiseptic cream on a cotton ball and dabbed at Five's wound. The boy squirmed around in pain, but Joyce held him still and whispered "it's okay" in his ears. Her touch was gentle and loving, not harsh in any way.

How much practice has she had with this sort of thing???

Hopper put bandages around Five's mid-section pinning them tight so the cut won't bleed a single drop more.

Then Joyce paid attention to his ankle. She prodded it with her fingers, observing which parts made him wince. She tried to make him flex his foot, but he pulled away in pain.

"Is it broken?" Five asked.

"No, sweetie. I can feel all the bones in place. But it is sprained." She said. "What happened?"

"I, uh, fell down. In the forest."

He can't tell her it got sprained while he was in a time-travelling vortex, can he?

Hopper gave her a bag of frozen peas and she pressed it against Five's ankle. The coldness made him feel better, but they still had to bandage it. Five winced as Hopper tied the bandages and Joyce held the cold compress right above them.

"There we go. All better." The man said once the last knot had been tied.

The kid tried standing up but had to lean on the couch's armrests. "So, uh, where do I sleep?"

"Oh, you're not sleeping just yet!" Joyce said. "You need to have a shower. You're caked in mud!"

"Thanks for bringing it up." Five said sarcastically.

"I'm not mocking you, I'm just saying it's necessary. Now come on." She led him to the bathroom.

It was small, considering they're still in a cabin. But it had a shower and tons of soaps. Joyce pulled off his blazer and sweater-vest, then she started undoing his tie.

"Uh, I can manage it." He said, gently pushing her away before she stripped him fully.

"I'm right outside if you need anything, Five. Is that your real name?"

"The only name I've got."

The lady left and Five was about to lock the door, but he stopped himself. They weren't going to do anything to him. Joyce and Hopper seem like nice people. He couldn't imagine them wanting to hurt him. They literally just patched him up without being asked to!

He left the door closed but not locked. A hot shower did wonders for his sore muscles, *and* the stress plaguing him. He scrubbed the mud and sweat off his skin with bodywash and kneaded his hair with shampoo. Who knew getting clean could feel so great?

When he finally forced himself to get out of the shower, Hopper gave him a set of white flannel pyjamas. They were *clearly* made for girls, but tomboyish enough for a guy to wear.

"They belong to Jane but I'm sure she won't mind you wearing them." He explained.

"Thanks." Five said, heading into the guest room to change.

The guest room only held a bed and chair, but Five didn't mind. He wasn't staying here forever. He appreciated his host's kindness, but he's in the fucking *1980s*.

He has to get back to his own timeline before shit hits the fan for the millionth time.

X

Jane flopped stomach-first onto her bed. She picked up her walkie-talkie and dialed to Mike's station.

"Mike? Do you copy?"

"I copy, Jane. Is there something wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Guess what happened!" She said cheerily. "Hopper found a boy in the forest called Number Five."

Mike gasped. "So he's one of the experiment kids?"

"I don't know." She admitted. "But I got a feeling this will get super interesting."

Notes for the Chapter:

sorry if the update took a bit long. i was making it perfect for y'all!

anyway, i have the plot kind of planned-out, but i'm still not sure how i'll write it out. and i'll probably add more ideas just cuz i thought of them on the spot lmao. that's why i can't tell you the exact number of chapters.

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

epic fight scene in this chapter 🙏🙏🙏
(at least i hope it's epic XD)

Five awoke to the scent of bacon cooking. He heard the soft, muffled sounds of Jane and Hopper chatting in the kitchen.

He sat up and cracked his neck. He didn't feel an ounce of pain in his injuries thanks to Joyce and Hopper's care. He didn't feel like he had to fight for his life in this cabin. He dared to say that he felt..... Safe?

Despite all the nice things, he had to leave. Now. He had no time to waste.

Five got out of bed and looked for his Academy uniform, but it wasn't there anymore. Hopper's probably washing it. But his *shoes* were under the chair, so he put them on and ran for the window. It's only the first floor, so he could easily climb out. He landed in a patch of grass and headed into the forest.

He knew that he probably looked ridiculous. A boy wearing white pyjamas, limping to keep his weight off his sprained ankle, still looking like he escaped a war.

"Fucking hell, the things I do for the good of the world." He muttered.

The moment he reached the forest entrance, something weird happened. His entire body froze up. He couldn't move a muscle no matter how hard he pushed against it. Then he realized what was going on.

"Don't you get tired of pulling this stunt everyday, Jane?"

"Where are you going?" She asked.

Five tried to turn his head and look her in the eyes, but his head was frozen this time too.

"For fuck's sake, let go of me! You just gonna hold me in place like this *every time* you want something?! This is stupid!" He shouted.

Jane unparalyzed him. He spun around to glare daggers at her. She was wearing denim overalls and a pink sweater. Orange high-tops were on her feet.

Interesting how she can make tomboyish, comfy clothes look cool.

"Why does your nose always gush out when you use your telekinesis?" He asked.

She quickly wiped the streak of blood off her upper-lip. She was never embarrassed by her nosebleeds, but the way he said that made her feel a bit of embarrassment.

"I'll ask again: where were you going?" She asked to change the subject.

"I'm not staying in your cabin forever. I need to get back to my proper time-- I mean, my home."

He shouldn't confuse her with this time travel shit. Would she even believe him?

"Where do you live?"

"Far away."

"And you're just going to walk there?" She tilted her head in confusion.

"I was planning on hitchhiking my way there." Five explained.

"No."

This startled him a little, the way she said it so bluntly, like she was in charge of making the decision.

"Hopper has been so nice to you. He brought you home instead of taking you to the police station. He fixed you up and took care of you. You just want to *run away* without saying anything?"

Five rolled his eyes and sighed. "I know what it sounds like, but I have no choice."

"You *had* a choice but not anymore."

Before he could ask what she meant, an invisible force was dragging him forwards. Jane marched back toward the cabin, dragging Five along so he had no choice but to stumble after her.

"What are you doing? Get the hell off of me!" He shouted.

Jane ignored him and didn't slow down.

Five's face burned with anger. Who was this girl to manhandle him and push him around like this? Does she really think she's a hotshot just because she has superpowers too?

Well, *he* was a survivor from the apocalypse, the son of a billionaire, the brother of 6 literal superheroes, and a fucking *time-travelling hitman*.

Nobody is going to push him around.

Five concentrated all his energy on teleporting. He pressed and pressed until those sparks of blue appeared in his hands. He smirked and pushed himself even harder, as hard as it took to get through that damn portal.....

Jane felt the thing she was pulling vanish. She looked around, not knowing where Five could have gone. He *couldn't* have up and disappeared without her noticing...?

A flash of blue and he was beside her. She just blinked at him for a minute, then grabbed him with her mind. He dodged and disappeared again.

What's going on? She thought in confusion, never having seen anything like this before.

Something pushed her down from behind and she fell into the dirt. He tried to pin her down, but she threw him off with her mind. He landed ten feet away, sprawled on his back, and she pinned him there

with her mind.

She walked toward him, but he teleported out of her grasp again. Her head whipped around, wondering where he was, until an arm wrapped around her neck in a choke-hold.

"G't off!" Jane gasped out.

"Your powers don't do much in physical fights, do they?" Five asked, almost tauntingly, as he squeezed her harder so she couldn't pry him off.

It's true. Jane never uses her fists when she fights. It's always her telekinesis doing all of the work. But she didn't mind trying it out this once.

She swings her fist around to strike Five. He grunts and lets go of her. She grabbed his arm to push him down, but he twists away from her and throws a punch of his own at her, making her nose bleed for an entirely different reason.

She sighed in annoyance, just wanting him to stop making things more complicated. With a stronger and less accurate blast of her powers, she knocked Five into one of the many trees surrounding them. He cracked his head pretty hard on the wood and flopped onto the grass below, not moving. For a moment she thought she might've gone all the way and *killed* him, but he was still breathing, even if it was a little laboured.

She turned to see Hopper running out of the cabin. He looked confused and surprised at what was going on, but not at all happy. Well, shit.

X

Jane sat on the couch, twiddling her thumbs nervously. Her father paced back and forth in front of her.

"I'm disappointed in you, kid."

She winced. It wasn't often he pulled the Disappointment Card on her. He was usually an easygoing dad, but when he *did* talk about

disappointment, it made her feel so horrible.

"This boy has clearly been through a lot. He needs reassurance that he's safe, but you got in a fight with him and knocked him unconscious! Now he's going to feel even *more* like he's in danger."

"I'm sorry." She mumbled.

Hopper knelt down in front of her, putting himself at her eye-level.

"The most important thing is to make Five trust us. If he really is an experiment kid, we *have* to show him we're not like the Lab. We're on his side."

Jane nodded her head affirmatively. *Show him we're on his side.*

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

remember: in this house we ignore ST season 3.
in my opinion (and several others' opinions) that
season fell flat on its ass.

When Five finally awoke, it was morning. Jane must've knocked him out really good if he slept through the entirety of yesterday.

Whatever. That doesn't mean he's afraid of her. She and her superpowers won't stop him from getting out of here and doing his work

But when he started towards the window, ready to climb out and make a silent escape for real this time, Five realized that maybe he didn't want to leave just yet. He'd been going without much food or rest for a while, and if he ran away he'd be on the run all over again. It wouldn't be a crime to stay and recharge his energy for just a little while, would it?

Despite his mild feelings of guilt, he went into the kitchen to find the curly-haired girl cooking on the stove, humming quietly to herself, her back turned to him. She was wearing the same overalls and pink sweater as yesterday. Looks like this girl isn't grossed out by wearing the same clothes a few days in a row.

"Uh, hi?" he said nervously.

She turned around and her face burst into a smile. That surprised him. He kind of expected her to be angry, maybe even throw him across the room with her telekinesis again. But she was smiling at him?

"Hey, Five. You can sit down and I'll give you your food."

She returned to the stove and he went to the dining table in the corner. There were only two chairs, one for Jane and one for her father, but they'd added a third chair on the side for him. How

considerate.

She brought the frying pan over and pushed some food onto his plate. Then she sat down to eat her own share. Five felt incredibly awkward. Shouldn't she be pissed or scared of him? They were letting their powers put on a show just yesterday!

"How do your injuries feel?" she asked absently.

"Uh, a bit better."

"Good."

Five slapped his thighs. "Okay, let's cut the crap! Do you not remember what happened yesterday or are you trying to make *me* forget it?"

Jane looked at him weirdly. "I remember it. But that was an accident."

"An... accident?"

"I should've just told Hopper to come deal with you when I saw you leaving. When we fight, I'm just breaking your trust, and I do want you to trust us."

"You want my trust?" Five asked. "Alright. Let's start by explaining how you have telekinesis! And why in the *world* you called me "brother" when we first met!"

She took a deep breath. Looks like it's time to explain her backstory a little. She ate the last bit of food and pushed her empty plate aside, then turned in her chair to face the boy fully.

"Okay. So I didn't grow up normally. I was raised in a Lab with a bunch of other kids named after numbers, and I always called them my brothers and sisters. I was the highest number, and the scientists' favourite. My name used to be Eleven."

"Eleven?"

"They called me El for short. But Jane is the name Mama gave me. I

want to cherish *everything* that Mama gave me, because she's-- well, I don't see much of her."

Her eyes clouded with sadness, like she had a bad memory related to her mother. Five wanted to ask about it, but he didn't want to interrupt her.

"In the Lab, they were always fascinated by my telekinesis and another power I had. I can send my mind places my body can't go. All I need is a blindfold and some silence."

"Astral projection." Five said. "That sounds a lot like astral projection."

She snapped her fingers. "Yeah, that's the word! So they made me pick things up and crush soda cans with my powers. Then one day they made me talk to a monster, and I opened the Gate that holds it back.

"When everyone was panicking, I ran away. I found a bunch of boys in the rain and Mike let me live in his basement. That monster was out loose now, and it had kidnapped one of their friends and taken him to another dimension. We worked and worked and worked to get him back. When we did, the monster almost killed us, so I had to send *both* of us back where it came from.

"I was separated from Mike, then Hopper found me and brought me to his cabin. He forced me to stay here and never leave for a whole year. I felt like a prisoner. He said it was the only way to keep me safe, but.....I never truly felt safe. The bad men were *always* lurking around the corner, and they weren't ready to give up on me."

A tear escaped her eye. But she cleared her throat and kept going.

"*Ahem*. So anyway, I was reunited with them in the end. We defeated the other dimension for good and the Lab signed an agreement to leave me alone. Finally. Now I can visit my friends anytime I want, as long as I'm careful."

Five had a million questions. Where are the other superpowered kids? What are their powers? What kind of monster was this? Where

is this Lab?

But when he saw Jane's traumatized, upset face, all he could say was, "I'm glad you got out of there, Jane."

X

They put their dishes in the sink and left the cabin. Five had to wear his uniform because Hopper had washed it, and there wasn't anything else for him to wear. Jane was so excited to introduce someone to her friends that she was practically bouncing instead of walking.

"It's all thanks to them I even survived!" she gushed as she led him through the lush August greenery. "The best friends I could ever ask for!"

Five had to jog to keep up with her. She took him to a house and entered it without knocking or anything. Like she felt welcomed in here.

"Guys! I brought him!" she shouted up the stairs.

A bunch of kids rushed down to meet Five and Jane at the bottom of the staircase. They were beyond excited to meet another numbered kid.

"So this is Number Five, huh?" a lanky dark-haired boy asked.

"Yup!" Jane said.

She went over and hugged the boy. Then she stood on tiptoe to give him a passionate kiss on the lips.

Five's eyes widened. He never pictured Jane with a *boyfriend*! She's pretty and all, but you can't deny she's a bit weird. She didn't seem like the type to get lots of boys dancing around her, but apparently he judged her wrongly.

"This is Mike Wheeler." she nodded at Mike, who smiled.

“That’s Dustin Henderson.” the curly-haired boy gave a smile, showing his buck teeth.

“That’s Lucas Sinclair.” the black boy gave a little wave.

“That’s Will Byers. He’s Joyce’s son.” the bowl-cut boy nodded.

“El? You forgot me.” a redhead girl said.

The brunette glared. “Do not call me El. only Mike calls me that.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” the redhead said. “My name’s Max Mayfield.”

“Is your name really Number Five? What’s your other name?” Dustin asked, tilting his head curiously.

“I was never given another name. Nothing else seemed to suit me.” Five explained.

“That’s fine! Lots of people have uncommon names.” Will said.

Will had the same kindness as his mother did. But there was something different about him. They were all the same age, but Will had more childishness and innocence blanketing him. What a strange aura.

“Remember what we planned to do??” Jane asked excitedly.

“Oh, yeah! We’re gonna give you a tour of the town and all the important landmarks.” Mike said.

“Uh, okay.” Five agreed.

They went outside and got their bikes. He noticed that Jane didn’t have a bike, but before he could ask where it was, she was climbing onto the back of Mike’s bike and wrapping her arms around his waist shamelessly. Looks like they have an unspoken agreement about sharing a bike.

“Did any of you even think how *I’m* gonna keep up with you?” Five asked rudely.

"You can bunk on my bike." Lucas offered.

"Uh, you sure that's a good idea?"

"I'm stronger than I look, and you're literally *tiny*."

"Gee, thanks for that comment." Five said, rolling his eyes.

He felt awkward hopping onto the back of Lucas's bike. It's been quite a while since he ever touched a bicycle, it's not his fault he's so out-of-shape now. It took a minute or so for him to position himself on the pegs, and he nearly fell onto the concrete like an idiot. Lucas grabbed his arm and pulled him up, probably saving Five from injuring himself further.

"Sorry, I haven't touched a bike in years." he said sheepishly.

"It's fine. We have to tell you the story of *our* first times riding bikes someday." the black boy said.

Then they set off. They didn't have a destination in mind, they were just riding around to give Five a tour. But it seemed like they were *used* to going in circles. Bike-riding was probably the group's favourite activity.

"That's the store El stole a bunch of Eggos from." Mike said, pointing to a supermarket. "She slammed the door in the manager's face when he tried to stop her. Just awesome." he smiled at Jane, still hugging him from behind.

"Why did she need to steal?" Five wondered.

"We were kind of fighting at the time, and she had no place to go." Mike admitted.

"But I'm happy we're not fighting now." Jane threw in.

"That's our school." Dustin said as they passed a middle school. "We got lots of memories there too."

"That's my house." Max said as they passed a cheap, rundown house.

“We don’t need to talk about your house on the tour.” Jane snapped.

“But we’re talking about important places!” the redhead protested.

“And why is your house important? We don’t have any memories there.” Jane shot her a glare.

“Guys, calm down!” Will intervened. “Look, there’s the hospital I used to go to when I got possessed by the Mind Flayer.”

“Possessed?” Five said in disbelief.

“Yeah, it was wild. I was trapped in the Upside Down for a week, then when I got out I had these crazy episodes for a year.” the brunet shook his head at the memory.

Maybe that’s the “darkness” Five was sensing around Will. He’s been kidnapped by a monster. He’s been possessed by another monster. Poor boy is no stranger to the dark, secret sides of the earth.

“There’s the junkyard.” Lucas said. “We fought demodogs there. And the year before that, we hid in that school-bus when the bad men came hunting for Jane.”

Jane shivered and clutched Mike a little tighter, as if she thought those “bad men” would come for her right now.

They rode around for a few more minutes, showing off all the cool places and telling their stories about it, before dropping Five and Jane back at the cabin. Five didn’t want to make it corny by telling them this, but he was truly grateful that they were going out of their way *just* to show him around this unfamiliar place. They’re literal teenagers. Not to say that all teenagers had to be selfish, but it’s rare to meet ones who are *this* friendly and *this* welcoming.

These aren’t normal kids. He knew. They’re special. They’ve seen stuff and been through stuff no young kids should have been through.

A lot like me.

“So you liking Hawkins so far?” Jane asked as she unlocked the door.

“It looks nice. But judging by the secrets you guys told me, it’s not the best place to live by any means.”

“True.” she said.

Hopper wasn’t back yet, but Jane wasn’t worried about him. It’s normal for him to stay out past midnight, she claimed. He is the chief of police.

“How come you were mean to that Max girl?” Five asked.

“What? I wasn’t mean to her.” Jane said defensively.

“You were giving her the cold shoulder all day, Jane. Any fool can see that you don’t like her too much.”

Jane folded her arms and pouted. She didn’t exactly know how to explain this.

“Are you angry with her for joining your friend group? Do you feel like she’s stealing your place or something because she’s the only other girl?”

“Is this really important right now? Wondering about the complexity of my friendships?”

“Okay, okay. My bad for bringing it up.”

“Know what we should do now that we’re home alone?” she asked.
“Eat Eggos!”

“Eggos? Now? It’s night.” he said.

A naughty smirk spread across her lips. “Breakfast foods always taste better at night.”

Not waiting for a response, she started rummaging in the cabinets. He stood there awkwardly but didn’t comment anything. She placed bowls, whipped cream cans, sprinkle dispensers, sliced fruits, and chocolate sauce on the table.

“We’re gonna make Triple Eggo Extravaganzas.” she declared.

“Triple whats?”

“Me and Hop make them all the time. Not *all* the time, since he says they’re strictly a dessert food, but I’m sure he won’t mind.”

Five wasn’t really interested in sweetie-sweet things like this, but he didn’t want to deflate her excitement, so he sat down at the table and started his own Eggo combo. They compared their creations after they’d finished.

Jane had stacked 4 Eggos and put whipped cream, drizzles of chocolate sauce, some blueberries and an orange slice on top.

Five had stacked 4 Eggos and smeared chocolate sauce and blue-and-yellow frosting on it, put dollops of whipped cream on the edges, and placed a strawberry on top.

They shared each other’s food and ate it up. A large mess, but totally worth it. “We made this mess, so we should probably do the dishes.” Jane told him.

They went to the sink and started cleaning their bowls. Jane didn’t seem to be good with dishes, cuz she kept missing the smudges of chocolate.

“You missed a spot,” he told her.

“Worry about your own dish!”

“Aren’t you the one who said we should clean our mess properly?”

She splashed water in his face.

“Hey!” Five yelped, which just made her giggle.

Five wondered how he could end up like this. One moment he’s stressed and working to save the entire world. Next moment he’s living in a remote cabin and goofing off with some girl he doesn’t even really know, but somehow found himself fitting in so well with.

He likes this lifestyle. He knows it can't last forever, as he still has tons of work to do, but he wants to relish it as much as he can.

Notes for the Chapter:

you Mileven fanatics better enjoy it while it lasts.
so! five has learnt all about the Party's backstory.
next chapter they're going to learn about his.
not too much plot in this chapter but we'll get to
more of it soon ig.

5. Chapter 5

Miles away from Hopper's cabin, the sky split open a second time. Only instead of one person falling out, five people did.

Klaus (and Ben) crashed down first. Allison came in second, Luther came in third, and then Diego and Vanya. They waited for Five to come out, but to their confusion and dismay, the portal closed without him.

"Five?!" Vanya was the first to speak up, rubbing her head where she'd bashed it on the dirt. "Five, where are you?!"

"Where the fuck are we?" Diego asked.

"The question is *when* are we?" Luther corrected, standing up and helping Allison do the same.

They looked around at their surroundings. They were in a field, but not a luscious or healthy one. It was withered and it's a miracle the grass hadn't totally died. And in front of a building that looked like some type of laboratory.

"How typical." Diego complained. "We're in an unknown time and place, and the idiot who sent us here could be *dead*!"

"He's not dead." Allison snapped. Her voice was very hoarse, but she'd apparently recovered from her voicebox being torn in half. "We all survived the jump, so he should've done so too. He must've landed somewhere else."

"Well, how are we going to find him?" Diego snapped at her. "We don't even know where we are or where to start searching!"

"Guys, for Christ sake!" Klaus interrupted. "Are we going to work through our problems, or stand in this field and have a screaming match until *another* doomsday gets us?"

They all fell silent. It's no secret that they're using anger to hide their fear. They could literally be anywhere in the space time continuum, and they didn't have their brother to figure their problems out for

them.

"First step is finding civilization, cuz there's nobody to question in sight." Vanya said, straightening out the bleached-white tuxedo so she could look at least a little more presentable.

They left the field and found themselves in a forest. When they'd gotten out of the forest too, they were on the streets of a small town. Allison tapped a woman on the shoulder and said, "I heard a rumor you told us what year it was."

Her eyes glazed over and she responded , "it's 1984, dear."

They all shared panicked glances and a collective "*oh, shit.*"

X

"Have you seen any of these people?" Five asked passers-by, holding up the drawings of his siblings he had made. Most of them shook their heads wordlessly or just ignored him, probably thinking he was a delusional child. "Appreciate your help. You have a lovely day too." he muttered after them.

"Do you really think we'll find them like this?" Jane asked from where she was walking with him so he wouldn't get lost in the unknown town.

"Well, we'll only find them if they landed in this period." Five sighed. "If they landed too far in the past, or the future, I'll have to find a way to time travel to them."

"Didn't you say time travel was too risky?" She asked, remembering all that stuff he explained to her and Hopper about how he got himself stuck in an apocalyptic world, and how he'd dropped himself here in 1985 when he only meant to go back a few *days*.

"Yeah... But it's the only way. An apocalypse happened because of us. Another could be happening right now, and they can't stop it without me."

"What makes you so sure?"

“Because without me, we all would’ve died the first time!” he said, exasperated.

Jane buried her hands in the pockets of her windbreaker. She couldn’t see this working by any means, but Five sure was determined. She could tell he’d been stressing over this thing for quite a while.

“Let’s take a break, okay? We’ve been walking around for hours.” she asked of him. “I’m starving and there’s a coffee shop close by.”

Well, coffee was still the thing that kept him sane all this time, so he let Jane pull him over to the store. As Five sipped his coffee and Jane munched on her donut, they heard the door opening but obviously didn’t think much of it. But when they heard people screaming and chairs scraping as the few other customers rushed for the exit, Five knew what was going on.

He knew this would be inevitable, but it was still pretty soon.

Jane sat in her chair confused as a pair of men approached her and Five (more for him, obviously). He sat still, finishing off the last of his drink, already knowing what they were here for. The Commission was still alive, if not thriving anymore, so this was bound to happen eventually.

“This is him.” one of the men told his partner. “I know it is.”

The dry sound of a gun clocking wasn’t unknown to either of them. Jane wasn’t sure who these people were, but she could clearly sense that they weren’t here for any friendly reason. From where she was sitting beside Five with her back also facing the men, gave him a sideways look. A look that said *‘I’m ready for it if you are’*. Of course he was too, so the teens braced themselves to take action.

“Don’t move,” the man warned, “or we’ll have to--”

Five teleported away without hesitation. The men looked around in confusion, but Five appeared behind them to grab one of their guns and wrestle it down. The other one moved to attack, but Jane grabbed one of the chairs with her mind and chucked it at him,

knocking him over. Five wrestled the first man's gun until he had it aimed at his partner, then shot him dead and slammed the first one into a wall to knock him out.

Without wasting another moment, he grabbed Jane's hand and yanked her outside to dash down the street, *away* from anyone who might've witnessed their scuffle.

"Who were those men?!" she demanded. They were different from the Bad Men who had chased her before, but they were bad men just the same.

"You remember how I told you about the organization who were after me? The ones who are out to get me because I backtracked on our contract a little while ago? Well..."

"That's them?" Jane asked, raising her brows. "They found you here?"

"It was stupid of me to think they wouldn't find me sooner or later." He admitted as they rounded the corner.

He really should've known better. As long as the Handler had breath in her body, Five will never be free. And she's not inexperienced either. She knows time travel even better than he does, and exactly how to fish people out of any time period.

"Look, Jane," he said as they slowed to a halt in a park. "I should tell you now that... if those two idiots found me, the entire Commission knows where I am. I'll be looking over my shoulder for agents every minute now, so don't expect to be safe if you're around me."

She blinked her chestnut eyes at him, not understanding what he was getting at.

"What I mean is, if you don't want them on your back too, you shouldn't stick around me."

"Not be around you just for them?" She asked, like that was an unthinkable concept. "I'm not afraid! And if they're here to kill you, I *should* be around to help you with them."

Five smiled at Jane's sweetness. As strong and brave as she was, she

was still a 13-year-old child, always searching for the good in people so she'd have a reason to help them out. He had explained his past as a hitman to her earlier, but she immediately understood he was doing it to get back to his family. She'd dealt with dangers of her own before, but she was ready to put herself at risk *again* if it meant Five would have a better chance.

But what was unknown to both of them is that the men who'd come after Five weren't here to kill him. They'd been ordered to capture him alive and drag him back to The Commission, because they had quite a lot of new questions that would never be answered if Five was dead.

X

"He's here all right, miss." the agent said over the telephone. "But he's not alone. He's hanging around this girl who seems to, uh... she seems to have supernatural powers as well."

"What?" the Handler frowned. "That's not possible. She was born way before the October of 1989."

"I know. But you should've seen how she sent that chair sailing at the guy's head. She appears to have telekinesis or something."

The Handler pouted her ruby-red lips in thought. "Who is this mystery girl, anyway?"

"Don't think we have any record of her."

"Find out as much as you can about her, okay? She sounds like a powerful one. And if Number Five has gotten all chummy with her... well, we might have ourselves something *useful* in this shithole of a town."

Notes for the Chapter:

sorry for the long-ish wait. i'm really bad at keeping track of time tbh.

Author's Note:

idk how many more chapters I'll do. probably not too many.

I'd love to read your comments, and I'll take any requests or suggestions you guys might have!